

# CARNEGIE

MAGAZINE

February 1957





*Lapland pipe, constructed from the entire antler of a reindeer, decorated with carved and painted designs. On exhibit at Carnegie Museum.*

## The Economy of Lapland

Approximately 1600-1800 A. D.

For many generations the most important single commodity of Lapland was the reindeer. Often raised in herds, their fur and hides were used in trade and for clothing; their flesh was the principal item of the Laplander's diet; their horns were carved into crude tools and utensils—or used to make pipes, as shown here.

Little trade or agriculture were carried on in this most northern part of the Scandinavian peninsula. This is readily explained by Lapland's climate—long, fierce winters with no days—brief summers with no nights.

To maintain the barest kind of existence occupied most of the energies of the Laplanders. There was little incentive to try to develop any kind of civilization or commercial life. Thus, most trade was carried on by barter, the method of a primitive people.

Only when expanding trade and commerce give a people incentive to improve their civilization and economic status, do money and modern banking practices arise. In fact, the degree to which they have developed serves as an indicator of the financial and economic progress of any particular nation.

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### THE COVER

A little bronze sculpture by the famous English artist, Henry Moore, is shown on the cover. Mr. Moore has used the theme of the family in various works, both large and small.

Regarded as one of the leading sculptors of our time, he is represented in most museums and private collections, including that of the late Peter Watson, of London, England. A group of works from this collection, on loan to the Department of Fine Arts, is currently shown at Carnegie Institute.

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## FEBRUARY CALENDAR

### ILLUMINATIONS OF GREAT PAINTINGS

Great art of the world may be seen in kodachrome illuminations at Carnegie Institute in galleries A, B, and C through March 17. This educational exhibit (see opposite page) is presented by *Life* magazine.

### PETER WATSON COLLECTION

Contemporary paintings and sculptures from the collection of Peter Watson, now owned by Norman B. Fowler, have come to the Institute on a two-year loan and are being exhibited through March 3 in second-floor gallery E. Among the artists are Picasso, Gris, Giacometti, Dubuffet, and Laurens.

### PAINTINGS BY GERTRUDE T. HALF

Paintings and graphics by Gertrude T. Half, of the Associated Artists of Pittsburgh and exhibitor in the 1952 PITTSBURGH INTERNATIONAL, are being shown in gallery K through February 24.

### AQUATINTS BY GEORGES ROUAULT

Prints from the famous *Misérables* et *Guerre* series by Georges Rouault are hung in gallery J through February 17.

### ATOMS FOR PEACE

Eighty panels, some of them animated, together with several exhibits, illustrate developments in nuclear-energy technology and help in understanding this mighty potential of our time, the atom. The display, operated for the United States Atomic Energy Commission by the American Museum of Atomic Energy at Oak Ridge, Tennessee, is sponsored locally by Westinghouse Electric Corporation. It may be seen through February 20 on the balcony of Dinosaur Hall.

### SUNDAY ORGAN RECITALS

Marshall Bidwell presents a recital on the great organ of Music Hall each Sunday afternoon from 4:00 to 5:00 o'clock, sponsored by the Arbuckle-Jamison Foundation.

On February 3 Dr. Bidwell will play compositions by Felix Mendelssohn (born February 3, 1809), assisted by Lorraine Gaal, pianist, in the *Concerto in G Minor*.

February 17 the guest pianist will be Lois Woolman, joining Dr. Bidwell in Mozart's *Concerto in A Major*.

### THE SATURDAY CONSORT

"German Music from the Meistersingers to the Masters of Counterpoint" will be played on Renaissance and baroque instruments by the Saturday Consort February 2, at 3:30 P.M., in Music Hall. This is the third of four concerts presented by the Department of Fine Arts. An admission fee of 50 cents is charged.

### CARNEGIE INSTITUTE SOCIETY LECTURES

*Mondays, 8:15 P.M., Mt. Lebanon Auditorium*

*Tuesdays, 6:30 and 8:30 P.M., Carnegie Music Hall*

*Admission by membership card*

#### February 4, 5—THRILLS ON THE COLORADO

Julian Gromer pictures the thrilling 163-mile voyage down the swift Colorado River. Remote canyons, caves, and cliff dwellings are explored, and the audience shares the exhilaration of camping under the stars.

#### February 11, 12—NORTH TO THE POLAR SEAS

*(Two showings on February 11, at 6:30 and 8:30 P.M. in cooperation with the Mt. Lebanon Civic League.)*

Arthur C. Twomey will report on the recent Museum expedition to the remote Mackenzie Delta. The rare tule goose and the thundering reindeer herds at roundup, as well as Eskimo drum dances and blossomtime in the Arctic barrens, are shown in Dr. Twomey's pictures.

#### February 18, 19—JAPAN

Hal Linker's pictures cover the ancient pageantry of temples and festivals as well as the social life, homes, industries, the fascinating arts and reconstructed cities of modern Nippon.

#### February 25, 26—STEPPING STONES TO AUSTRALIA

*(Harmony Dairy Company, sponsor)*

Alfred M. Bailey, of the Denver Museum, brings color films of four islands on the Pacific air route: Oahu, Canton on the equator, Viti Levu in the Fijis, and New Caledonia, former penal colony.

### WE HUMANS

Eight panels illustrating facts about human relations, commissioned by the Mayor's Civic Unity Council and prepared by the Museum's Section of Man, have been touring public and parochial schools locally and now may be seen on the first floor of the Museum.

### IRISH GLASS

Eighteenth- and early nineteenth-century Irish glass from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Oliver Rea succeeds Chinese pottery and porcelain from the Walter Reed Hovey collection in the Treasure Room February 13.

### STAMPS

New displays include Atoms for Peace stamps commemorating the President's Proclamation in July, 1955; United Nations stamps; the booklets of stamps from 134 countries prepared for the 1952 Universal Postal Union Conference, the gift of Norman M. Haac, of Philadelphia.

### FOR THE CHILDREN

Junior Patrons of Art (with fee) new term, February 9.

Story Hour at the Library, Saturdays at 2:15 P.M.

Pre-School Story Hour at 10:30 A.M., February 5 and 19.



MICHELANGELO'S FAMOUS CEILING OF THE SISTINE CHAPEL AT THE VATICAN IN ROME MAY BE SEEN IN A QUARTER-SCALE OVERHEAD TRANSPARENCY IN THE EXHIBIT PRESENTED BY "LIFE" MAGAZINE

## ILLUMINATIONS

CARNEGIE INSTITUTE is playing host to ILLUMINATIONS, an exhibition of color transparencies of world-famous paintings in their actual size. The show is installed in the galleries of the permanent collection, where it will remain on view until March 17.

Developed and printed by LIFE magazine through a special process, these color transparencies are presented in the exact size of the originals, whether they be fresco, panel, or

monumental canvas. In the latter category, for instance, is the image of El Greco's renowned *Burial of the Count of Orgaz* in the cathedral church of Santo Tomé in Toledo, Spain. This is approximately 12 feet wide by 16 feet high. Large, too, is Velazquez' *The Surrender of Breda*—12 feet wide—and Seurat's *Sunday Afternoon on the Grande-Jatte* in Chicago, which has a width of 10 feet. Only the replica of the Sistine Chapel ceiling, which

is mounted in a kind of openwork pavilion, is reduced in size, being in one-fourth scale, although it is 42 feet long.

These fifty-one reproductions of great pictures, housed in forty-three specially built display cases, are illuminated by rear lighting through an adjustable mechanism that recreates as closely as possible the color values and tones of the original works. It is therefore possible to enjoy these masterpieces in the exact scale of the originals, a value hitherto unachievable by reproductions on paper.

The purpose of the exhibition is to bring before the public fifty-one great paintings considered typical of the artists and influential in the history of art. These works are from such divergent points as Toledo, Florence, Vienna, Padua, the Louvre in Paris, and the National Gallery in Washington. For

the most part these are not paintings that one can see in loan exhibitions, and, since it is unlikely that the viewer will visit all these cities, this exhibit becomes a rare opportunity to study the masterpieces in the best-known form of reproduction yet devised.

Six centuries of painting, from Giotto to Mondrian, are represented, including such magnificent works as Masaccio's *Expulsion of Adam and Eve*, Botticelli's *Birth of Venus*, Leonardo da Vinci's *Mona Lisa*, Giotto's *Betrayal of Christ*, and many other masterpieces by Rembrandt, Renoir, Seurat, Picasso, Cranach, Hals, and Monet.

To see the original paintings in this exhibition, it has been estimated, would require a journey of approximately fifteen thousand miles with visits to twenty-six museums, in-

(Turn to page 47)



GIOTTO'S "THE BETRAYAL OF CHRIST" FROM THE ARENA CHAPEL IN PADUA IS AMONG FULL-SCALE TRANSPARENCIES OF THE WORLD'S MASTERPIECES NOW AT THE INSTITUTE



## THE LAST HURRAH

*Commenting on Edwin O'Connor's novel of the Irish in America*

SOLOMON B. FREEHOF

SOCIAL history is based upon the conviction that most historical writing in the past has used the wrong material. That is to say, the splendor and glitter of the courts, the dynasties, the great battles, the heroes, the triumphs that were the subject of most histories are not the true stuff of history. What really determines the evolution of man and his social institutions is not all this glamour, but the life and the thought of the average person.

This may well be true, but unfortunately it is hard to write such social history because there is a lack of material. The kings have recorded their quarrels, their successive mistresses, their dynastic marriages. The generals have recorded their victories. But who knows what some little housewife, in a cottage in Scotland in the year 1000, worried about; or the way she cooked her food or from where she got her recipes, or what the husband did every day in his work? The people who really count most, who in total constitute the story of mankind, leave no records, and gradually fade into anonymity.

Until her death in 1940, Eileen Power, a historian at Girton College, the woman's college at Cambridge, was a pioneer in social history. She wrote such history in *Medieval People*, and the book has become, you might say, a minor classic among students. Written in 1930, it has recently reappeared in the seventy-five-cent paper edition. She tells the life of average folk in the early Middle Ages. Where did she get her material? She gathered it: a bit of a diary here, a bill of sale found somewhere by chance, a little lawsuit, a minor will. Her book is built up from all these unconsidered trifles.

Yet just imagine if, in the time of Charlemagne, the art of the novel had already developed and we had a full-sized novel of the life of the French, the Franks, in the year 900. The whole problem of writing social history would then have been solved. Novels are, of course, valuable entertainment, and also a creative and evocative form of art. But above all they are unique contributions to the social history of their time. Where better than in a good novel can you have a record of what people thought and how they lived, how they quarreled and how they made peace, and what they did for a living?

If these humble facts of the life of the average person are the true stuff of history, then it is woven on the loom of the novel. Therefore, the modern era will have a more lasting memorial than earlier ones, for people nine hundred years from now will be able to know almost all about us. Novels have been written about us, and our intimate life has been recorded, according to the skill of the novelist.

Suppose a cultured European came to us and said he had been studying America all his life, had been reading the histories, knows about the discussions and the quarrels between the Supreme Court and Congress and the President, knows the names of the Presidents, the debates between our political parties. What he wants to know is what sort of folks the American people have been in the two hundred years that have passed.

This inquirer need not ask in vain. Does he want to understand the inner life of the American people? He can learn of it through our novels. Our changing moods and inner history become clear to him as he reads Haw-

thorne's *The Scarlet Letter*, Melville's *Moby Dick*, the Leatherstocking novels by James Fenimore Cooper, *Andersonville* by MacKinlay Kantor, *Main Street* by Sinclair Lewis, and any of the Marquand novels or Sloan Wilson's *The Man in the Grey Flannel Suit*. In that sequence of novels he will really see the inner life of the average American as it changed from generation to generation. Thus is our social history recorded.

But such a chronological sequence of novels is not quite enough to tell our story as a nation. American history has developed in two separate lines, not only chronologically but also ethnologically. Unlike all the other nations of the world, America has been built up—laminated, as it were—by a sequence of races or of different human families. While it is true that some of the older nations were likewise composite—as the English, of Gauls and Saxons and Danes and Normans—this lamination, these strata, were laid down a thousand or fifteen hundred years ago and are now compressed into solid rock.

With us our different strata of people have come within a century and a half, and we are the only great nation built up by a sequence of peoples and families in modern history. Therefore, to know American social history, it is important to have an inner history not only chronologically but ethnographically, a history of the family elements, the different groups that have come here.

We do have a number of such American ethnic novels. Rolvaag wrote a book called *Giants in the Earth* about the Norwegians in Minnesota. The late Abraham Cahan, editor of *Forward*, the great Yiddish paper in New York, wrote a book, *The Rise of David Levinsky*, in which he told of a certain group of Jewish immigrants. There are one or two others. But there does not come to mind a single great novel to describe the moods and the feelings and the contributions of the

North-of-Ireland Presbyterians, who virtually built this great Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, at least the western, central-western parts of it. The Swedes who settled in New Jersey in colonial times have vanished; there is no fictional record of them that is well known. Of the Pennsylvania Germans, a woman a generation ago, Helen Reimensnyder Martin, wrote some stories.

Perhaps the most fascinating part of America is that it possesses some sort of unconscious magic by which it has taken all the strata of different peoples and without pressure has merged them into one towering mountain. That historical fact—unique as far as modern history is concerned—has no real record in the novel. We need, if the novel is to be the source book for our social history, many more novels about the life of the various ethnic elements merged in the making of America.

One of the most interesting and rewarding groups for novels among our ethnic elements is the Irish. For special reasons the Irish are a magnificently attractive subject. In the first place, they are a major element. From 1847, the year of the great potato famine, to 1900, over four and a half million Irish came to the United States. It is perhaps our major mass immigration, and unlike the Germans who, in 1848, settled in the Middle West, Cincinnati and St. Louis and Milwaukee, the Irish concentrated on the East Coast, where they were more visible. Unlike the Swedes and the Norwegians, who were lost in the prairies, they remained in the big cities. Unlike other groups who were shy, diffident, apologetic because of their strangeness, the Irish were belligerent, noticeable, outspoken, and always on the warpath.

Their special outspokenness was inevitable. First of all, the Irish came here speaking English. They did not consider themselves foreigners and, therefore, had no inferior feeling as did the other people. In the second



place, the Irish came here full of anger at the English in Ireland and met the same sort of people in America. They came to proud, aristocratic, coastal cities—Boston and Philadelphia—and were scorned. So they met hatred here and responded with belligerence. They were a noticeable people and were never in a mood to hide themselves. A people with outstanding characteristics, they are a grand subject for fifty novels.

Yet it is strange how few novels have been written about the American Irish. James Farrell wrote a few about the poor, slum-district Irish in Chicago, the Studs Lonigan series. There have been a number of movies, which do not concern us here, and one novel a few years ago about the relation of the Irish to their beloved church and how the church was often, for a poor Irish boy, Jacob's golden ladder from the earth up into the clouds. *The Cardinal* is a story of the son of a poor, Irish, streetcar conductor who became a revered cardinal of the Roman Catholic Church.

But the writers have overlooked the most characteristic element in Irish-American life, namely, politics. Politics meant to the Irish more than it did to any other ethnic element, perhaps for the reasons we have mentioned. They were concentrated in the great cities. The hostility that they met, part of which they brought, and their own belligerent temperament, never to be crushed, made the battle of politics, control for the cities, inevitable. Besides that, it became the natural pathway for rising from poverty. After all, everybody had a vote, even the poorest, and so their leaders became councilmen, eventu-

ally mayors of cities, governors of states; and their boys became policemen, firemen, workers in the city hall. It was the ideal upward path, the church for a few but politics for many.

So the Irish in politics, the development of their growing power in certain cities of the United States, is a fascinating and a necessary subject. No one will understand the last forty or fifty years in America unless this ethnic-political phenomenon is well recorded in novels. It has not been done until now—maybe it was a touchy subject for many reasons.

At all events, Edwin O'Connor has now done it beautifully in *The Last Hurrah*. He takes perhaps the most vivid Irish politician of the past generation, the mayor, "Governor" Curley, of Boston. When Governor Curley was first told about the book, he was proud. Then when he read the book, he wanted to sue the publishers, and then, after a while, he decided it is much better to be talked about than ignored. Curley did serve a term in jail, but the remarkable thing was that it did not hurt his political career at all. His friends still loved him and his people were back of him. They thought he was victimized, that the jailing was politically motivated. At all events, nothing like this occurs to Frank Skeffington in the book, although there is hint of his friends' coming to help him in a time of trouble.

The chief villain-hero of *The Last Hurrah*, Frank Skeffington, is at this time a man of seventy-two, tall, handsome, white-haired, a widower; his one son is Francis, a physical duplicate of his father, tall and handsome. Whereas his father is a dynamo of energy, this boy is an inert lump, not good for anything except going out dancing. His father looks at him and knows that the Skeffington career will end with the old man. The Governor, as he is called, is just deciding at seventy-two

Dr. Freehof is rabbi of the Rodef Shalom Congregation. His Wednesday-morning series of reviews of new books, for which the public is invited to the Temple, is a highlight in the city's cultural program each autumn. Four of these, shortened because of space limitations, will be presented in CARNEGIE MAGAZINE this season.

that he is going to run for mayor again, and one of his motives is the thought, "How those old-timers will faint over their breakfast cups when they know I am going to run again." They hate him. They half admire him. They know they cannot beat him. And he is going to run, just for the fun of it—it warms his heart to annoy them. Adam Caulfield, the nephew of The Governor, had returned to Boston and married. The Governor asks him to accompany him during the next two months, to see what a campaign is really like. The novel, essentially the story of the campaign and its surprising failure, is thus a narrative told by the nephew Caulfield.

When a novelist describes something that is now passing from our living experience, his theme takes on a special pathos. We are taking our last look. The remembrance of things past has a certain elegiac splendor. This solemn sense of a vanishing phenomenon is rather delicately instilled all the way through the book. The very fact that the giant, Frank Skeffington, had this big lump of a handsome duplicate in his lazy son Francis indicates that the old dynamism that drove many immigrant Irish boys up from poverty began to vanish when economic comfort came. The old man knew it and said to Adam Caulfield, "Do you want to see one of the old-fashioned campaigns? It is very likely the last you will ever see." And as a sort of post-mortem, when Skeffington was defeated and lay dying, his friends were discussing why he was beaten in the election. And one, rather keen in observing the social scene, said, "You see, he was really beaten by Franklin Roosevelt." A surprising statement, since it was the same political party. But the answer was clear.

The New Deal had made it possible for the poor and the needy to have pensions in old age, social provision for hospital care developed, and accordingly the role of giver of largess was taken away from the local poli-

tician. The people did not have to go to Frank Skeffington or his like any more for personal help in trouble. They got it as their right as citizens. The story indicates that the old-fashioned patron boss is a vanishing phenomenon.

Another evidence of a fading past is that the immigrant communities are less hopeless, less helpless, less foreign, and less dependent, therefore, upon outer help. And perhaps the most crucial fact is that the Irish have changed. The strength of these great bosses was in the fact that they had behind them the close-knit community with fighting spirit, and with so much hostility against them that they were forced to more intense integration. As long as such a group was concentrated in a great city, and as long as the Irish remained Irish and felt that the old sod was precious to them, so long was their integrated political power immensely strong. But that is fading, too. In the novel, the wake is already a bizarre memory of strange folk customs, to the young men of Irish descent. For the Irish in the fifth generation are only vaguely Irish.

And this has happened with every element that has come to America. Their tribalism fades, for there is something mysterious and unique in the spirit of America—and one is justified in being vague about it. What the Czar could not accomplish by his forcible Russianizing of the various races in Russia, America by its newspapers and its public schools peacefully and affectionately achieves. People of the various ethnological and religious groups come here. Their religion develops in America, but their ethnic differences cease to be outstanding. In other words, the Irish are less Irish, but their church flourishes. The Germans are less German, but the Lutheran and the Reformed churches flourish. So it is with every American element. The Scotch are less Scottish, but Presbyterianism is firm. It is the ancient order of the Hi-

bernians, the love for the old sod, that fades away, but their church remains, and so do the other churches and the other faiths.

Some scholars theoretically bemoan that. They believe in what they call cultural pluralism, that is to say, America ought to remain a permanent deposit of different cultures. The Irish ought to remain Irish. The Germans should be as German, with their folksongs and language, and old folklore. All the groups should be as they were, because much is lost when these old folk-memories fade. But it is a futile wish. The magic sunlight of America, for better or for worse, fades out the tribalism.

When the Irish were very Irish in America, they were scorned and mocked. Now that their tribalism is less evident, they have risen in American esteem. Once it was the drunken, red-headed, stage Irishman, who staggered and made silly jokes. Now it is "Irish eyes are smiling," a complete change of mood. That has happened with every group in America to the extent that the American magic works. The folk difference is vague, and the religious differences remain the only proud distinction. The American magic has brought the groups together and simultaneously has weakened the mutual ethnic suspicions and taken away the political boss's power.

When we think of a melting pot, we think of all the elements' being destroyed and made into a new element. This is not so. The chemist can still find in the finished metal all the original elements. What the heat of the melting pot does is to soften the outlines of the various groups and make it possible for them to merge. That is what America does. Of all the qualities all the groups bring here, those that distinguish them ethnically tend to fade, and thereby, indeed, some folklore is unfortunately lost; but at the same time disesteem gives way to mutual understanding, and the American nation is eternally reborn.

So we have at last a grand bit of cultural history in *The Last Hurrah*. First of all, it is an Irish story, the story of a great group of fighting immigrants. Then it is a Boston story, the story of a great city changing as the sources of its political power changed. But ultimately it is an American story, and the American story does not lie in the bold career of Frank Skeffington or his many glorious victories. What makes it a great American story is that it is the *last hurrah*.

## ILLUMINATIONS

(Continued from page 42)

cluding London's National Gallery and Royal Academy; the Louvre and Musée National d'Art Moderne in Paris; the Prado in Madrid and the Church of Santo Tomé in Toledo; the Kunsthistorisches Museum in Vienna; the Uffizi Gallery, the Brancacci Chapel and the Convent of San Marco in Florence; the Arena Chapel in Padua; the Palazzo Comunale in San Sepolcro; the Vatican Museum in Rome; and thirteen museums in twelve American cities.

A fully illustrated catalogue accompanies the exhibition and is available to the public without charge.

\* \* \*

Charles Wilson Peale (1741-1827) fought as an aide to George Washington, painted his first portrait, and was sculptor of the first bust of him; was the first American to show pictures in motion, founded the first American national portrait gallery and the first American museum of natural history (in Philadelphia); was known as the "father of vertebrate paleontology"; invented a superior process for making false teeth; and named six of his seventeen children for famous painters.

\* \* \*

The American Indians are basically descendants of Asiatic peoples who found their way into North America by way of a land-bridge or narrow water crossing in the Bering Strait area. Various waves of early hunters probably invaded North America at widely separated times when travel from Siberia to Alaska was feasible.

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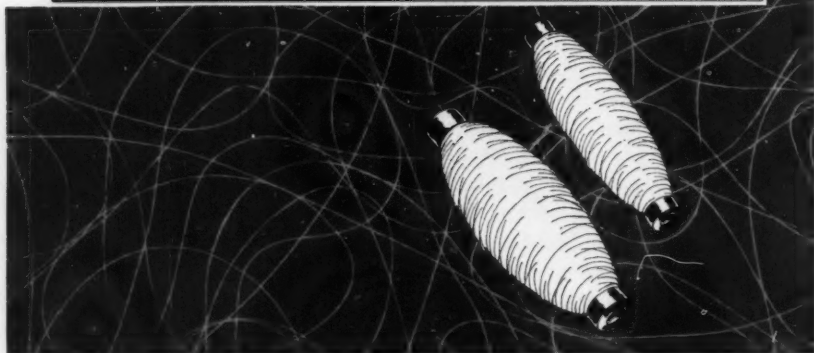
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## THE PETER WATSON COLLECTION

A NUMBER of fine objects from the London collection of the late Peter Watson are on view at Carnegie Institute. These, the property of a legatee, Norman Fowler, who resides on the island of Anegada in the British Virgin Islands, are on indefinite loan. They will be exhibited in Gallery E on the second floor until March the third.

It is probably incorrect to call this assemblage of art a collection, since Mr. Watson intended only that his apartments should be filled with things of power and beauty. His taste was famous, and he was always credited with choosing the finest examples of the work of those artists that interested him. Certainly the two works by Juan Gris, the Spanish painter who died in 1927, confirm his reputation.

There is a fine Cubist work of 1914, one of the painter's best, as well as a figure piece of 1926. The first of these is a collage of black, brown, and white elements enlivened with a few touches of green and rose on a dark blue ground. Gris, though a Spaniard and a close associate of Picasso's in the development of Cubism, was of an entirely different nature. His temperament was truly classical, as we may see from such a cool and severely calculated work as this. Its strong verticals and horizontals, arresting any motion that the diagonals and circles have initiated, are openly asserted by the upright bottle, by the horizontal edges of the table, and by the newspaper. Thus, though the structure is like a pin wheel in form, it cannot spin.

Juan Gris, together with Braque and Picasso, was an inventor of the Cubist style, the chief new idiom of the twentieth century. Today we are used to seeing pictures whose



COLLAGE BY JUAN GRIS (1914)

authors have been more concerned with the poetic power of their structural effects than with anything else. But when this was made, such a complex of drawn, painted, and pasted elements, including as it does pieces of machine-grained paper and part of a newspaper, was a puzzling object. It dismayed by the license taken with the traditional elements of space and form. Here was a picture containing little linear depth (only a coloristic suggestion of deep space) and several vanishing points within its various perspectives, not to mention its fragmented subject matter and its pasted oddments. To have disposed of a real object, the newspaper, within the matrix of such an artifice so that it is actually absorbed into the picture was a



typical gesture of the synthetizing Cubists of this time.

Now that for nearly half a century we have been separated by such figurations from the pictorial conventions of the nineteenth century, we may begin to relax before its rich and subtle imagery. We have learned to accept the fact that such a picture, before being examined in terms of its subject matter, will have to be regarded as a piece of construction, like a building. We see that it refers us to a table with glasses, bottles, and such commonplace things, but we also remark that it is not intended we should be charmed by these casual objects or even much interested in identifying them. They are means and not ends in the aesthetic experience. Like canvas, paints, and papers, they find their place among the mediums of which it is made.

The Peter Watson collection has other good things from this Cubist period, including a beautiful collage in brown, white, and black by Henri Laurens. Laurens has been better known and more admired in Europe than in this country, and one rejoices in the recognition finally being shown for his work, even though the great sculptor himself is dead. Laurens somehow carried the repeating curves of *art moderne* into Cubistic realms (as did Léger with his so-called *tubism*), to achieve an entirely original style, maturer expressions of which may be seen in the large pencil drawing with yellow wash of 1949 and in the small terra-cotta cast of a female figure.

The sculptures in this collection are mostly small to suit the needs of limited quarters. Who but the Peter Watsons of this world think of using sculpture in their apartments? Yet the possibility constantly offers itself, and there begin to be responsive buyers, especially here

in America. Since some of the best art of our day lies in the sculptural field, this is but natural.

The best of Watson's sculptural pieces are his Picasso, *Cock*, and his Giacometti bronzes, a small male bust and a painted female figure. When Giacometti paints a bronze, he lifts it out of the category of casts and into the superior realm of the original work of art just as Maillol did when he cold-chiseled his cast surfaces. It is thus that the artist offers us qualities that can be provided only by the direct touch of the hand upon the material submitted to our eyes. Probably Giacometti does not think of himself as reviving an old and honored practice by painting some of his sculptures, yet in actuality he recovers for us a valuable tradition. Might this reflect his Swiss background, where even today the old

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DEUX TÊTES BY PABLO PICASSO



## FEATHERS, FILIPINOS, AND FEVERS

KENNETH C. PARKES



WHITE-THROATED  
KINGFISHER

ONE day late last May the telephone rang in the Museum's section of birds. Since this was the migration season, I expected either of the usual questions: "There's a strange little brown bird in my back yard and what is it, please?" or "A bird

has flown into our picture window and can you come and get it?" But I was wrong. That telephone call was to affect profoundly not only my personal plans, but a substantial part of the research program of the section of birds for many months to come.

The caller identified himself as William McD. Hammon, of the department of epidemiology and microbiology in the Graduate School of Public Health of the University of Pittsburgh. He explained that he was in the process of assembling a group of scientists of various specialties to form a team to go to the Philippine Islands about the first of August to gather data for a virus research project.

Since the particular group of viruses to be studied is known to be carried in the blood-streams of birds, Dr. Hammon needed an ornithologist in his party to be responsible for collecting representative Philippine birds from which blood samples could be obtained. Although the actual collection could be done

by a nonspecialist, it was of the utmost importance that a trained ornithologist be present in order that correct identifications be made of the species from which blood would be taken.

Dr. Hammon then asked if I could suggest names of ornithologists who might be interested and available for such a trip. That was easy! To be fair with Dr. Hammon, I suggested several prominent ornithologists who have had previous experience with the birds of southeastern Asia, but I also said that as far as I was concerned he need look no further—if he were willing to take a greenhorn.

A week or two later the decision had been made, and I could begin my preparations. This was much more than just getting together clothing and equipment suitable for a rainy tropical climate. There were, first, the obvious preliminaries to an overseas trip—passport, visas, inoculations, and the like. But I was being sent as an expert on Philippine birds, and much hard work lay ahead of me in preparing myself to fill, as adequately as possible, that position.

Although I had written three short scientific papers on Philippine birds, these dealt with only three species, and had been based entirely on museum research. Most of my ornithological background had been in the study of the birds of North and Central America, and most of the Philippine avifauna was completely alien to me. There are about 325 bird species resident in the Philippine archipelago, and about 125 additional species pass through on migration or stay during the northern winter. Many of these species are confined to particular islands or groups of islands within the archipelago (there are

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Dr. Parkes is associate curator of birds at Carnegie Museum. He received his doctorate from Cornell University, where he was curator of the Louis Agassiz Fuertes memorial bird collection from 1947 to 1952.

The White-throated Kingfisher pictured above is the commonest of the sixteen Philippine kingfishers.

7,083 islands altogether); since our field work was to be confined to the central portion of the island of Luzon, my homework was greatly simplified.

Even so, I had about two months in which to carry on the routine work of the section of birds, make the physical preparations for the trip, and try to memorize the appearance and names of as many as possible of these strange birds.

Carnegie Museum had a small collection of Philippine birds, received many years ago on exchange from the Bureau of Science in Manila. Most of these specimens, however, are from the outlying island of Palawan, where the bird fauna actually resembles that of Borneo more closely than that of the Philippines proper. This meant that I would have to visit museums that already had major Philippine collections, and whose staffs include authorities on Philippine birds.

I first went to the American Museum of Natural History in New York City. E. Thomas Gilliard had made a fine collection for this Museum, in the province of Bataan, only about fifty miles south of Clark Air Force Base, which was to be our headquarters. Although I was able to study his collections as well as other Philippine birds available in New York, Tom Gilliard himself was on another expedition, so I was unable to get the benefit of firsthand accounts of his experiences.

I was, however, extremely fortunate in that Finn Salomonsen, of the Copenhagen Museum, happened to be in town doing some research at the American Museum. Dr. Salomonsen is one of the recognized authorities on Philippine birds, and has published several major papers on the subject. Although he was extremely busy trying to wind up the last of his work before sailing for home, he spent an afternoon going over maps with me and pointing out interesting places to try

to visit while on the island of Luzon.

My second trip for "boning up" on Philippine birds took me to the Chicago Natural History Museum. Here Austin L. Rand, chief curator of zoology, is actively engaged in preparing what will be the definitive check list of the birds of the Philippines. The collections at his disposal are excellent, and those from certain of the islands are unrivaled anywhere since the destruction by fire of the Bureau of Science in Manila in 1945. Dr. Rand turned me loose among some recently acquired collections with a copy of Delacour and Mayr's excellent manual, *Birds of the Philippines*. After two or three days of concentrated study I began to find the names were beginning to stick. I could spot *Gerygone sulphurea* or *Coracina striata* in trays of skins, when a few days before I would have been uncertain even as to their family relationships.

This intensive studying really proved to have been worth while. It was seldom, indeed, that I got a really good look at a new bird during our Philippine trip without being able to place it at least as being one of two or three closely related species. The fact that we were actually collecting the birds, to get our blood and tissue samples, made identification much easier, of course. I recall only about a dozen species, at the most, that I was unable to identify in the field once they had fallen to the gun.

A few obscure birds were real puzzlers, and some identifications made tentatively in the Philippines are only now being corrected, by comparison with known specimens in museums in this country. A small hawk, for instance, that we collected on Mt. Makiling on September 21, appeared from the descriptions in the books I had with me to be the Asiatic Sparrow Hawk (*Accipiter virgatus*), a species that nests in the Philippines. Comparison with specimens in the American Mu-



BRAHMINY KITE  
A LARGE HAWK WITH VULTURE-LIKE SCAVENGING HABITS

seum proved that it was, instead, the Chinese Hawk (*Accipiter soloensis*), a rare migrant.

Each of over four hundred birds that we collected during our two-month stay in the Philippines was taken to our laboratory, where the spleen and heart were removed under conditions as nearly sterile as possible. Blood samples were taken with sterile syringes from those birds captured alive or recovered immediately after death. These tissue samples were sealed in test tubes, and immediately placed in storage on dry ice.

The particular group of viruses with which Dr. Hammon was concerned on this trip is transmitted by mosquitoes from one host to the next. Usually these hosts are birds or bats, but occasionally other animals, including man, are bitten by infected mosquitoes. The result, in man, is often a relatively mild fever difficult for the average physician to diagnose.

Our field party included specialists to gather data on each phase of the life cycle of the virus: an ornithologist and a mammalogist to collect samples from birds and bats; two entomologists to collect and identify mosquitoes; and two medical doctors, one a pediatrician and the other Dr. Hammon himself, as virologist and leader of the party.

We were given most generous cooperation and assistance by the government of the Republic of the Philippines. Secretary of Health Paulino Garcia arranged for laboratory assistants and assigned Filipino counterparts to work with our physicians and entomologists, and an assistant each for the mammalogist and myself were provided by Director Eduardo Quisumbing, of the National Museum of the Philippines. Our mission could not possibly have been accomplished without these hard-working associates.

At the same time that we were obtaining

tubes of blood and organs from birds, the mammalogist was working along parallel lines with bats. The physicians were obtaining blood samples from fever patients in both American military and Filipino hospitals. And the entomologists were capturing hordes of mosquitoes, and even—to the horror of the rest of us—raising them in the laboratory. The truck that regularly traverses Clark Air Force Base spraying DDT had firm instructions to steer clear of our laboratory building!

Every two weeks the frozen materials we had all been gathering were packed into specially insulated crates and flown from Clark Field to Japan. Here they were placed aboard a Military Air Transport System (MATS) plane with a courier and flown directly to Washington, then to Pittsburgh. Dr. Hammon and his associates at the Graduate School of Public Health are now engaged in the patient, time-consuming job of analyzing the results of our collections; inoculating generation after generation of white mice in efforts to isolate and identify each possible strain of virus that may be present in the blood and tissue samples. The final results may not be available for many months.

This project is an example of one of the many ways in which Carnegie Museum scientists are able to cooperate with other Pittsburgh institutions for the benefit of both. As a result of my participation in Dr. Hammon's expedition, the Museum's bird collections have been supplemented by 379 skins and 40 skeletons of Philippine birds. While most of these represent common species, many are new to our predominantly New World collection, and others represent plumages and localities otherwise lacking here. The study of these specimens is leading into many interesting side lines that will eventually culminate in the description of several new subspecies and a full-scale rearrangement of our Old World bird collections according to the

most recently developed classifications.

The expedition was carried out through the Graduate School of Public Health, University of Pittsburgh, under the sponsorship of the Commission on Viral Infections, Armed Forces Epidemiological Board, and was supported in part by the Office of the Surgeon General, United States Department of the Army.

## THE WATSON COLLECTION

(Continued from page 50)

stone fountains, in cities such as Berne, are brightly painted and gilded in accordance with the intentions of their Renaissance carvers?

It is not possible to remark on all the items, the lovely little Rodin figure, the Lipschitz, the Henry Moores. There are also the drawings by Picasso, Léger, and Braque, and big oils by Dubuffet and Giacometti—the latter, one of his best paintings. Nor must we fail to mention the two handsome stones from Pre-Columbian Mexico or the *cire perdue* casts of warriors torn from a palace gate of the negro kingdom of Benin. Last but far from least are the beautiful early oil by Nicholas Poussin (1594-1665) and the Greek icon, suggesting that consistency in the furnishing of a house with works of art is not a common practice even by such uncommon people as the late Peter Watson. A portrait of this sensitive man, fantastically portrayed by Tchelitchev in a suit of armour, also hangs in the exhibition.

—GORDON BAILEY WASHBURN

\* \* \*

The five different languages spoken natively by the most people are as follows:

Chinese	—475,000,000
Indic	—415,000,000
English	—265,000,000
Russian	—200,000,000
Hindi	—180,000,000



*Gems from Museum collection, jewelry courtesy Grogan Co.*

AMETHYST IN MATRIX, CUT GEMS, AND JEWELRY

## AMETHYST FOR FEBRUARY

The February-born shall find,  
Sincerity and peace of mind—  
Freedom from passion and from care,  
If they the amethyst will wear.

THE much-prized amethyst is a variety of quartz of various shades of purple or violet. One of the qualities that enhance the beauty and desirability of a gem stone is the possibility of seeing into its depths. The amethyst has this physical property. An amethyst of gem quality should be perfectly transparent, deep purple in color, and cut "brilliant," as the jewelers say.

The word *amethyst* comes from the Greek *amethystos*, which means "not drunken." Ancient peoples knew the stone well and attributed to it many superstitions and

magical powers, and wove around it romantic tales.

Mythology furnishes the most interesting reference to the amethyst. It seems that a beautiful nymph was wooed so ardently by Bacchus that her patron goddess, to protect her, changed her into an amethyst. Bacchus was so disappointed and saddened that, in her memory, he bestowed on the stone the color of wine, the thing he liked best. He ruled that whoever would wear the amethyst would never suffer from intoxication, regardless of how extensive his inebriations.

Could this be the reason why bishops, who take part in many public affairs and banquets, wear an amethyst in the episcopal ring? Perhaps diplomats should wear it to Russian



social functions. Pliny, as usual, gave the tale a rather different twist. He wrote that, because the color of an amethyst was not quite that of wine, it prevented the condition brought about by excessive indulgence in alcoholic liquors.

Many other superstitions and symbolical references have been connected with the amethyst. Soldiers of the Crusades wore it around their necks as an amulet of protection in battle. The amethyst of the British Crown was taken from the ring of Edward the Confessor, and is said to protect the rulers against plagues and contagious diseases. There are a number of Biblical references to the amethyst. It is mentioned in a description of the Heavenly City in Revelations, for Gad of the twelve tribes, and symbolically for St. Matthew of the twelve apostles.

At one time the amethyst was nearly as valuable as the diamond. New, extensive de-

(Turn to page 69)

## BICENTENNIAL BRIEFS

1761. . . Among the first families of Pittsburgh recorded as living in the Lower Town were the following:

William Marshall, soldier  
Joseph Woods, soldier  
William Davis, soldier  
John Hadley, artificer  
John Langdale  
John Campbell  
Christopher Groves  
John Welch  
Hugh Crawford  
John Craven  
Ephraim Blanc  
John Finley

—ROSE DEMOREST



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## THE STORY OF A PAINTING

JAMES T. STEEN

ONE of the small pleasures often denied to viewers of contemporary painting is that of identifying objects in the paintings. Not that superficial identification is really central to the problem of aesthetics in painting, or to the enjoyment of art. But at least one probably used to find it not nearly so often necessary to defend one's favorite painting against the vituperation, so common these days, "Any child (or moron) could have done that!" Such a charge might, in fact, just as well have been made against a given painting in any age before our own, but then one could always have answered, "Perhaps, but isn't it a remarkable likeness!" And even when one was not on the attack or the defense, the fact remains that the harmless pleasure of recognizing things in the painting was once commonly possible, quite apart from whatever deeper pleasures the painting gave or failed to give.

For instance, we stood one evening recently before the Charles Hoffbauer painting, *The Roof Garden*, in the foyer of Pittsburgh's Carnegie Music Hall, and enjoyed ourselves simply trying to identify the city that serves as the background of the picture. The date of the painting is 1905 and the artist's nationality is given as French, but the scene appears decidedly American and we concluded that it must be New York City, around the turn of the century. Not satisfied, we then tried to identify the particular part of New

York, and although one of us was convinced that the view was from the old roof terrace of Madison Square Garden (scene of the celebrated shooting of Stanford White by Harry Thaw in 1906), others of us were not sure that it was anything more than an imaginary portrayal of New York, if indeed it was that city at all. A bit of subsequent research upstairs in the Art Library and some correspondence with the artist not only satisfied our curiosity but led us as well to an interesting little anecdote about the painting.

In the summer of 1903 Charles Hoffbauer was in Italy, traveling on prize money from the PARIS SALON of 1902. He was only twenty-eight years old but was already established as a regular exhibitor at the SALON and was a rather consistent prize-winner. Recognized by critics for his "exceptional qualities of composition" and his "very personal sense of color," he was considered "one of the young masters of the contemporary school." Still, he was primarily an academic or traditional artist, drawing generally upon the accepted sources of history and legend for the subjects of his paintings.

One day, as he strolled along the Corso in Rome, his eye was caught by a page of photographs in front of a bookshop, showing New York City by night. He had never been to America, and the sight of the numberless glowing windows of those early New York skyscrapers, lighting up the night atmosphere in a way that was strange to European cities, stirred him deeply. At the same instant, he recalled that a friend of his, the American sculptor Paul Bartlett, had once remarked, when the two were sitting in a café in Paris, that in America people sometimes dined on their roofs in the summer because of the heat.

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Mr. Steen has been an English instructor on the Carnegie Tech faculty since 1950. He is a Tech graduate with master's degree from University of Pittsburgh, and served four years in Marine Corps Aviation. He teaches an evening workshop in fiction and poetry at the Young Men's and Women's Hebrew Association and on the side records an occasional singing commercial.



THE ROOF GARDEN BY CHARLES HOFFBAUER

Immediately in the young artist's mind a picture took shape, and to preserve the image he made on the spot a little sketch on the back of a visiting card.

A year later, in 1904, back in Paris and casting about for a subject for his 1905 SALON entry, he remembered his little New York sketch and decided to use it as his new motif. He was accepting, of course, the chance that the SALON's judges might be prejudiced against so unacademic a subject (unlikely as this may sound to us in 1957), as well as the possibility that such fanciful material, so different from what he was used to dealing with, might elude him and the painting not "come off" even to his own satisfaction.

It was early in 1905 before he actually began work on this painting. He first made preliminary oil studies, with a great many separate enlargements of details. The studies portrayed a group of fashionable people at supper on a roof terrace overlooking a spacious modern city on a clear night. He prepared tiny wax models of the diners, the table, the chairs, (beautiful little works in themselves)

and tried these out in varying postures and arrangements. When at length he had established the composition and thoroughly studied the details, he set to work on the painting itself, using a huge canvas, about nine feet horizontally. After some three months of work the painting was completed; under the title *Sur les Toits* (*On the Roofs*) it was packed and sent off to the SALON.

About two weeks before the official opening of the exhibition, Hoffbauer went to observe his painting in the gallery. He was immediately displeased; it was not at all what he had intended. The colors and textures seemed hard, almost vulgar. The postures were mannered and lifeless. The shadows were not light and transparent as he had imagined them, but heavy and opaque. In short, the subject had eluded him, his intended "transatlantic" mood had been missed, and the painting was, in his own words, "a flop!"

Dejected, he returned to his studio to contemplate "saving" the painting by retouching. And here is the artist's own report of what followed:

"Back in my studio I took a canvas and in a few hours I made a new sketch . . . at last! . . . what I had dreamed! . . . a thousand times better! The crazy idea came to me to do that big canvas all over again, and to put the new picture in the frame of the first one.

"I ordered a canvas of the same size. I got it April 16th. I began to paint at once—it was finished April 26th.

"On April 27th, very early in the morning, the men from my art supplier came to fetch it. They went to the SALON (when practically no one was there yet), put the new *Sur les Toits* into the gilded frame on the wall, and brought me back the 'bad' canvas. It worked! And the next day, at the opening, the art critics were dumbfounded to look at a painting different in composition and execution from the one they had been previewing in their newspapers. (Later on I had the bad canvas destroyed. I had it cut to pieces.)"

The judges of the 1905 SALON did not award a prize to *Sur les Toits*, whether because of its untraditional subject or not we cannot say. And one reviewer, upon learning that Hoffbauer had executed the "new" painting in only ten days, condemned it summarily, writing, "Time respects only those works made with her collaboration." On the other hand, the painting was widely admired, by some critics for its "luminous beauty" and its "original and exotic raciness," and by others for its "frankness" and its "escape from tradition." And probably most gratifying to Hoffbauer, it was declared to have an "incontestable Americanism" and "the fragrance of ultramodernism." In June, 1905 the painting was bought by the National Gallery in Sydney, Australia, where it hangs today.

Meanwhile, Hoffbauer had received an invitation from Carnegie Institute in Pittsburgh to send a painting to the next INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION in the fall of 1905. "Full of my *Sur les Toits* ideas," writes the artist, "I de-

cided to take the same subject but to change the composition." On a smaller canvas, four feet wide instead of nine, he rearranged the same gracefully indolent people in front of the same dynamic skyline, but with the point of view somewhat shifted. He first titled this painting *Intense Life* and later renamed it *The Roof Garden*. It was sent to Pittsburgh in September, 1905 and was bought by Carnegie Institute the following November. And this is the painting that may now be seen in the foyer of our Music Hall. [*The Roof Garden* has recently been moved to the main hallway of the Institute.]

*The Roof Garden*, for all of its ultramodernism in 1905, seems to us now something of a period piece. Its subdued elegance and romantic indistinctness have the power to evoke a certain nostalgia even in those of us who were not yet born at the time of the painting. For what we identify in the scene is not literally New York City at the turn of the century, but rather the very flavor of the burgeoning American way of life at that time, intensified through the keen imagination of the European artist. And I suppose it is partly the swiftness with which we Americans have exceeded ourselves in the first half of this century that now lends this painting much of its charm for us.

Charles Hoffbauer, now in his eighties, has for many years lived in the United States and is now an American citizen. His studio is in Rockport, on the Massachusetts coast not far from Boston. Curiously, in this country whose most characteristic city he first portrayed through fantasy, he is best known for his remarkably accurate historical paintings. Most famous of these are his great Civil War murals in the Confederate Memorial Institute at Richmond, Virginia, and his murals of early New England in the New England Mutual Life Insurance Company lobby in Boston.

*"Here's to the Prince of Wits!  
Here's to his seventy years—"*

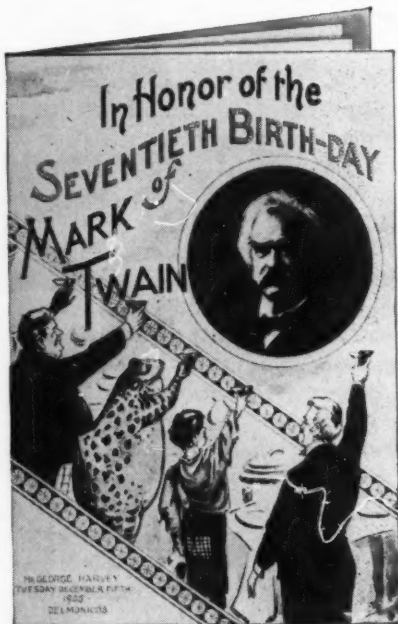
Toast by John Kendrick Bangs

Mark Twain, monarch of mirth-makers, journalist, traveler, lecturer and friend, was three score years and ten; and it was cause for a celebration — a gala gathering at Delmonicos.

Host for dinner at the famous New York restaurant that evening of December 5, 1905, was George Harvey, president of Harper and Brothers, proud publishers of Twain's works.

Guests were the nation's literary great—men like Edwin Markham, William Dean Howells, Rupert Hughes, Hamilton Mabie, and the father of libraries, Andrew Carnegie. There was notable representation from the distaff side—Willa Cather, Kate Douglas, Carolyn Wells, Dorothy Canfield. And on a table in the center of the room was a stack of messages from friends across the sea — Rudyard Kipling, Thomas Hardy, George Meredith, Arthur Conan Doyle, to mention just a few.

Gathered at tables of ten, the friends of Samuel Langhorne Clemens exchanged a volume of well-turned phrases . . . toasted the lovable, white-



haired humorist . . . and feasted on such Delmonico delicacies as Timbales Perigerdine, Filets of Kingfish Meuniere, Saddle of Lamb Colbert, terrapin, quail and Red Head Duck. This was truly a birthday party to be remembered!

**Y**ours will be a party to be remembered if your table includes flavor favorites like the famous Heinz 57 Varieties.

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## VANITY PUBLISHING

ANN E. LANTZ

FOR a fee ranging from \$800 to \$15,000, any number of firms will be glad to publish books written by anyone. This is "vanity publishing," so called because so many untalented writers resort to it. The writer pays all the costs of publication; and the publisher leads him to believe that his work has been unfairly turned down by the regular trade publishers, that anyone can be a successful writer, and that profitable returns will cover the expensive underwriting.

If one includes publications of the university presses, nearly one book out of every ten is being published because the author is willing to pay costs of publication. This is understandable with works of genuine scholarship, outstanding poetry, and local histories. All these have a limited appeal, and regular publishers will rarely take a chance on them. The firm that brings out such works is justified, but the term "subsidy publishing," rather than "vanity publishing," should be used to describe the publication of worthwhile books for which the author pays the costs.

There is, however, no defense for the publisher who accepts money to bring out a book of admittedly bad writing. The usual vanity firm has no editorial standards. It misrepresents literary values and takes no interest in the books it publishes. Since this type of firm makes its profits without selling a single copy of the books it publishes, it generally falls upon the author to sell his own book.

Most of these vanity firms discover authors by advertising in writers' magazines and by

sending brochures to contributors of little-known magazines. Such firms reject no more than 25 per cent of the manuscripts they receive.

A few vanity books receive nationwide publicity. However, since advertising expenses are paid by the author, it is safe to say that most of the publicity given a book is concentrated in the author's home town. Press releases and highly favorable reviews prepared by the publisher appear in the local newspapers. The author is interviewed by the local radio station, and he autographs copies of his book in the local bookstore on the day of publication.

A few of the books published by the vanity firms do sell, and some houses occasionally bring out a book at their own risk. But for the majority of vanity books there is no market. Several months after a book has been published, the author is usually given a chance to buy the unsold, bound copies of his book at a very low price. At this point he discovers that the best customer for a vanity book is the one who wrote it.

But sales are not important to everyone who pays to have a book published. Clubwomen whose poetry has long been neglected are given a new status in their communities. Doctors can expect their clientele to increase, and professors may qualify for long overdue promotions. Many people are willing to pay the price for the privilege of being known as an author.

The practice of vanity publishing is more widespread than is supposed. Few regular trade publishers will turn down a writer who appears with a manuscript and the money to pay for its publication. But there is no guarantee that a regular trade publisher who accepts

Miss Lantz is a reference assistant at the Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh. She was graduated from the Carnegie Library School last year and previously had received her B.S. from The Pennsylvania State University.



a subsidized book is going to play fair with the author. The publisher can charge too much for his imprint, and he can withhold the book from his salesmen. One large publisher puts out vanity books under the name of his printer.

With rising costs of production and competition from other mediums making the publication of many books unsound commercially, the trade firms are becoming more and more selective in their lists. In such a situation, subsidy publishing fills a need. But if better books are to find publication only through the vanity presses, then the methods and standards of these firms must be improved. Some of the vanity presses are providing better editing, better production, and more efficient distribution. Their lists are becoming more selective, and they are giving greater attention to promotion and advertising.

But even though some vanity houses are improving the quality of their services, vanity publishers have always been considered unethical by the rest of the publishing industry. Even a worth-while book published by a vanity press suffers because of the company it keeps.

Perhaps the reason for the existence of vanity publishing is best expressed in the following statement from Donald MacCampbell's book, *Marketing Your Literary Material*:

"It is one of the ironies of this very strange business that, the better the product, the harder it is to sell. Utterly worthless drivel may sell in the millions. A work of stature and beauty may have so small a market that no publisher, except for prestige value, can consider undertaking it. This gives the vanity publisher the extra ammunition he needs for the kill: 'If Keats was willing to pay for his books, then why aren't you?'"

## She couldn't fill her husband's "business shoes"!

The success of her husband's small business was due in large measure to his excellent abilities and driving energy. At his death, his associates proved unequal to the task and the business declined. The bewildered wife, without her husband's business knowledge and experience, had no choice but to sell his stock holdings at a fraction of their original worth.

If your family resources are involved to any appreciable degree in a small corporation or partnership business, it pays to consider every eventuality. Our Estate Planning Division can help you establish a continuity plan for future protection, and will be glad to discuss our services with you and with your attorney. Come in today, or telephone GRant 1-9600, extension 502.



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## OLD ALLEGHENY, SOME TRIVIA AND A TOWN

FREDERICK P. MAYER

IN one of the most amusing of his *Rambler* essays, Samuel Johnson said that "Nothing can be of less importance to any present interest than the fortune of those who have been long lost in the grave, and from whom nothing can be hoped or feared . . . Yet we see that no man can be at rest . . . till he has learned the history of his grounds from the ancient inhabitants of the parish."

My Allegheny is a compound of boyhood experiences, largely pleasant, and of an "old" Allegheny I never really knew, of late Civil War days and of the closing nineties. From the nature of my grounds, as Johnson put it, I have a view of a kind of living that had quality, a local nature, and a general meaning that deserved respect.

My North Side is made up of that earlier town centering about the parks, and also of the newer region toward Bellevue. It includes, for some of the important recollections, the intervening riverside area still called Manchester, represented only in a vaguely typical way in Margaret Deland's *Old Chester Tales*. Except for the newer streets out Brighton Road and near Riverview Park and the Observatory, this region has taken a slow slide from the time I first knew it after 1900, and especially following World War I.

My uncle's house at Chateau and Franklin streets, where my artist-cousin Fred Demmler lived until his death in the War, has been for many years the Manchester Community House. My grandfather's house—he was a sculptor and did, among other things, the Humboldt statue near the old Presbyterian Hospital—is come upon that old age that means twisted boards and sagging planks in ragged grass and weeds. I recall its shining kitchens at Christmas, with the smell of *pfeffernüsse* and *springle*

*erle* in the air, the fragrance of the inevitable tree with its water-colored paper angels spinning by their threads near the yellow and dangerous flames of small, dripping candles. Now the sculptor's workshop at the alley is near its last days, no longer freshly brushed and smelling of wood shavings or full of the sound of his wooden mallet.

Even as late as the First World War these lower North Side streets were lined with well-painted houses and small flower gardens (Johnny-jump-ups, asters, and cannas, circled by whitewashed stone borders). The Baldwin Locomotive Works by the Manchester carbarns, like other earlier riverside factories, meant crowded streets in the old Sixth Ward. Yet my aunt recalled cows tethered by the Ohio River bank below Metropolitan Street (formerly Market Street), and there was swimming from the foot of Franklin and Locust streets between the bobbing houseboats.

This life, half rural, half city, is from the turn of the century. It was before my early days of croup and Dr. Thomas C. Wallace—who had as nurse for a time Mary Roberts Rinehart, that prolific writer of mysteries and chronicler of Old Allegheny in her best-seller, *The Album*. To this part of the Manchester story in its brighter days belongs the printing firm set up by the neighborhood boys, among them the future actor, William Powell, to run a hand press in the summer.

I have tried to suggest a prosperous and local neighborhood, middle-class Manchester, with comfortable houses and open lots, still grassy—a loosely knit community, a pleasant place, and with some fine stores: Ubinger's for fish, Faessel's Drugstore, Roos's Furniture Store.

There are many records of early Pittsburgh and of the days of Alleghenytown after the survey of 1788. Of course I do not recall the penitentiary (1826-87) in the park. I do not recall the riots of '77, although my father told me about the fires from the burning yards and the guns mounted on the bridges.

I know nothing of the cable cars (along Robinson Street and through our Oakland Civic Center) nor of the old canal, which, after a portage by rail over the Alleghenies, ran along East Ohio Street and crossed the Allegheny River by aqueduct to end somewhere near the present Pennsylvania Station. It was told that one of my grandmothers came by canalboat to Allegheny and, sitting on deck near the end of the trip from Germany, saw and waved to her relatives on the front porch of their home.

To go on: the Anderson Library in which Andrew Carnegie read as a young man has long been gone from the southeast corner at Federal and Diamond streets, but a few books from its shelves made a part of that unusually large library at Allegheny High School when my own friends were in school.

This mention of libraries suggests the Allegheny Free Library and also brings to mind Allegheny as a unique city. It is hard to make clear to strangers and to younger Pittsburghers the peculiar development of neighborhoods in Pittsburgh, and how Allegheny differed from other Pittsburgh neighborhoods. A neighborhood is always sociologically a home spot, and many years ago before the automobile was widely used, Pittsburgh was a gathering of many neighborhoods. Allegheny of Federal Street and the parks was for a long time politically a city, but above all in its best days it was a neighborhood whose characteristics could be known only by living there. If you lived in Allegheny, you stayed in Allegheny. When you went to Carrick or to Bellevue, you knew you were going some-

where, and it took a while to get home again by streetcar across town. So, in summer vacations or on weekends, if you lived on North Avenue, you stayed there. Largely, you played in your neighborhood, and you read. You hunted what you could discover in books at home, and you went to the Allegheny Free Library.

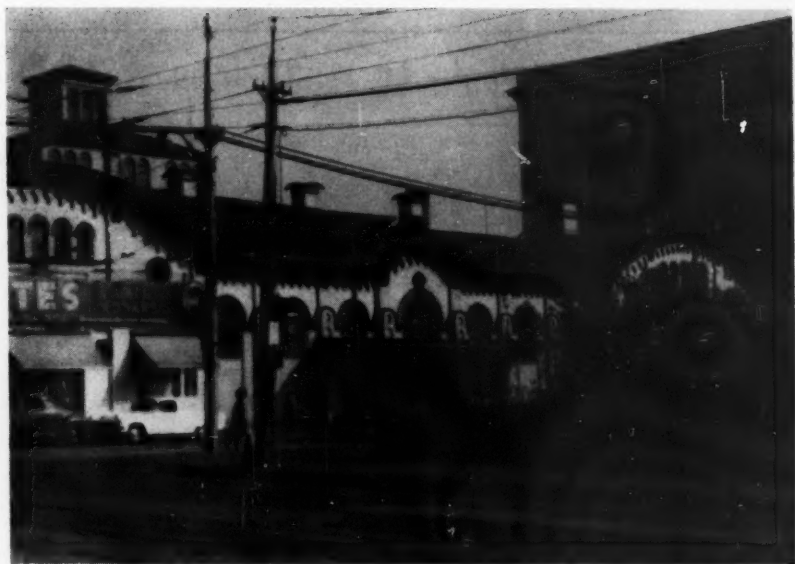
Whether the Allegheny or the Braddock Library was the first given by Andrew Carnegie in this country has sometimes been disputed. The Allegheny Free Library, the first municipally supported library to be established by Mr. Carnegie, opened its reading room July 7, 1890, whereas the Braddock Library, established and endowed by him, began circulating books in March of 1889. [Both were preceded by the Carnegie Library in Dumfermline, Scotland, the town where Mr. Carnegie was born, which opened in 1883.]

Allegheny Free Library in the very best days of Allegheny as a city made Federal and Ohio streets all the more the center of the town, along with the Park, the Market, the City Hall, and Boggs and Buhl's Store just off the square. You could walk to the Library and spend the afternoon or a vacation day in the adult section, or among the magazines, or upstairs in the children's room. You were near home and you found new books to like—a fine kind of education.

So, Allegheny of the flat, park streets near the Library, was a composed community with a focal point, unique as a Pittsburgh neigh-

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THE MARKET WAS NO SUPERMARKET BUT HOUSED STOREKEEPERS AND FARMERS

borhood. The town lay between the River and the Perrysville Avenue hill. Other neighborhoods rode a ridge and filled a stretch of valley. [They were, of necessity, stringlike, unorganized physically. Allegheny was a true city of organic and balanced parts, all centered about a crossroads where the town had a commons, its churches, its best stores, and, with the Library, an art gallery and a music hall. Allegheny developed a compact, squared area that included its high school on the park, a lake for boating, truly fine houses on tree-shaded streets rimming the parks, and lesser streets with their smaller houses—large and airy, as they seem today.

Here you lived in a small city that, even as late as 1910, had cohesiveness and an atmosphere. This life may have produced provinciality, I suppose, and rebellion, too. But you felt the influence of a town life. You lived in a place with roots and growth. It had variety, socially and scenically, within its

urbane limits. Allegheny City had, in its town square, that gracious conventional pattern seen so often in the older towns of America—what Pittsburgh could not develop, held as it was between the rivers. Only lately, with the Gateway area and the Mellon Square, has the town park come back into being.

Federal Street, at the center of Allegheny, meant the coffee aroma of Renshaw-Carson's; the glittering plate and silver and gold of August Lock's jewelry store; the homemade candies, ices, and caterer's cakes of Luther's. High-school long trousers and a first dress suit came from Strassburger and Joseph. Across Federal Street was the infinite variety of Boggs and Buhl's Department Store, with its carriage entrance from the park, and its liveried doorman.

The customers, many of them, had the great wealth that impressed and disturbed the Theodore Dreisers of the period. The

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legendary fortunes led to the construction of those town houses that still border the parks on Ridge, Lincoln, Western, North, Allegheny, and other streets. To the time of the First World War many of these mansions were kept in the perfection reflecting the social eminence of their owners. A few in the decade after 1900 were already losing out to Sewickley, but almost to 1920 many new mansions were being built in Allegheny, although such were late and little used by their owners after the houses were completed.

Even today, with the buildings turned commercial and the wealth gone, the large houses near the park have a power to charm. They have—even now, and filled with boarders—clean lines, tall windows, enclosed sideyards lined by iron fences, bay windows that gave dining rooms and parlors a view of grass and trees.

The Arbuckle house was such a place, its Sherman Avenue front showing scrubbed stone and marble sills, shining windows, and polished brass. There was quality in such architecture, dignity of proportion—a style—and admittedly it asked and took money. Of the newer places, there were the B. F. Jones house (still beautiful for its brickwork and cabinet paneling); the William Penn Snyder house (the first, I believe, with a deep cellar entrance for a garage—it was too late for a carriage house); the Byers house near the park; and the house of Maitland Alexander, one of the very last to be built on the grand scale. I have recalled only a few, and, of course, every city has its mansions.

But in Pittsburgh, across the river, there never developed such houses in a compact community of churches, schools, stores, and homes. There were, to be sure, Alexander Moore's house in Point Breeze, and Mrs. Mary Copley Thaw's beautiful Boulevard estate, and the Mellon houses. But these were on separate streets or plots, like Woodland

Road, and never merged into a compact community pattern. The sociology of Allegheny would be a fascinating undertaking as a study and would involve searching out intricate details. But the atmosphere, the characteristic style of the place, has always been apparent.

This tone, or effect, caught my imagination years ago and is evidently what appealed to Marcia Davenport, who lived in Pittsburgh for a time, when she wrote her *Valley of Decision*, although the sociological conflicts of rich and poor were also in her mind.

Grace and dignity, even a heavy elegance of the place, caught Willa Cather's eye when she wrote about Allegheny in *Double Birthday* (1929), one of her least known, and one of her best short stories. She reacted, in Pittsburgh, to the deprivation of a neighborhood, as in *Paul's Case* about Cordelia Street, her best-known short story. The response to beauty that appears in her mood descriptions made Willa Cather remember Allegheny with affection.

Miss Cather had left Allegheny before I reached high school, but many of her friends were our best teachers: Mary Boss, Elizabeth McCreery, Lucy Moody, Effie and Helen MacMillan formed part of the faculty. They remembered her impatience with the commonplace and her intensity over a moment of beauty. George Seibel, retired head of the Allegheny Public Library, once noted in *Colophon* Miss Cather's nearly forgotten writing of critical reviews for small literary magazines in Pittsburgh and in Allegheny. In so doing he gave a good index to an interest in the arts that existed, at least as a minority concern in Pittsburgh, in what might have been called its unsophisticated days.

For the outer fringe of Allegheny more recently, the Observatory made its mark upon young North-Siders, not because it sent out astronomical time by the Allegheny system,



but because they found that John Brashear was the most entertaining speaker at school assemblies. Visits to the Observatory were memorable as we stood under the dome and swept the bright arc of the skies. Such visits drew our attention to the Western University, which, in the days of W. J. Holland and of students like George M. P. Baird, was just about ready for its flight to Oakland.

On the open land near Riverview Park I spent free summers reading in the meadows of Allegheny's mayor Charles Geyer, who still had a carriage and horses, and whose cow grazed near our solitary house on the new cinder street of Gerber Avenue. Mayor Geyer had a pump between the carriage house and the rear porch. His neighbors made daily trips with tin buckets for the coldest water to be had in our Brighton Road district. The streetcars (four-wheelers, and open summer cars in the warm months) ran to the Jack's Run bridge several years before 1907, when

Allegheny became a part of Pittsburgh. Some years earlier, the cars came only to the top of the Brighton Road hill.

Mrs. Samuel P. Harbison's electric brougham made Saturday trips from Davis Avenue to the Market House. Automobiles connected the town, but the Market House drew Saturday shoppers largely from the North Side. The Market was no supermarket, in which one company sold everything to all comers. It was an association of stall- and storekeepers, inhabited by farmers bringing green stuff from the truck gardens of Troy Hill. Flowers and fruits gave it color in the summer—German plums, yellow pears—and symmetrical rows of white eggs at Clinefelter's at Eastertime.

So, imperceptibly, Allegheny blended into Pittsburgh. The past independence—and isolation—of the neighborhood lost itself in the complex life of a city. The Buhl Planetarium rose on the plot across from the Library, and

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*Photos by Frederick P. Mayer*

EVEN TODAY, THE LARGE HOUSES NEAR THE PARK HAVE A POWER TO CHARM

City Hall disappeared into that limbo of forgotten things held in the mind. Too great a sense of the past can be a nuisance to the young and can make a bore out of the person who "remembers when." Too weak a sense of the past can, however, make for irrational excitement over present gains and changes. So, in America, when the merely moderately old is demolished rapidly for the new, we turn to museums and to historical societies to help us recall the change and growth of our national ways. Books about local history gather only with effort and difficulty the half-lost details of the life of our parents.

Give us a decade and see how strangely details are blurred! When did we last set off for Cleveland on a Pullman train starting from the Fort Wayne Station instead of from the Union Depot? To find the answer takes digging back through newspapers and postcard albums and family letters. Not much of our

past life can be preserved as a city grows. The town of Economy, partially reconstructed through the effort of many people, is an exceptional instance of the tangible past in our temporary present. Allegheny is part gone, but part of it can still be seen if a speculative inquirer will take the time for an hour's walk. With imagination, much can be recalled to add dimension to the present day.

## AMETHYST FOR FEBRUARY

*(Continued from page 56)*

posits in many parts of the world, especially Siberia, Brazil, Mexico, and Nova Scotia, have caused this gem to be less than one-tenth its former value. Amethysts are found in many places in the United States, and some fine crystals have been collected in Chester and Delaware counties of Pennsylvania.

—E. R. ELLER

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